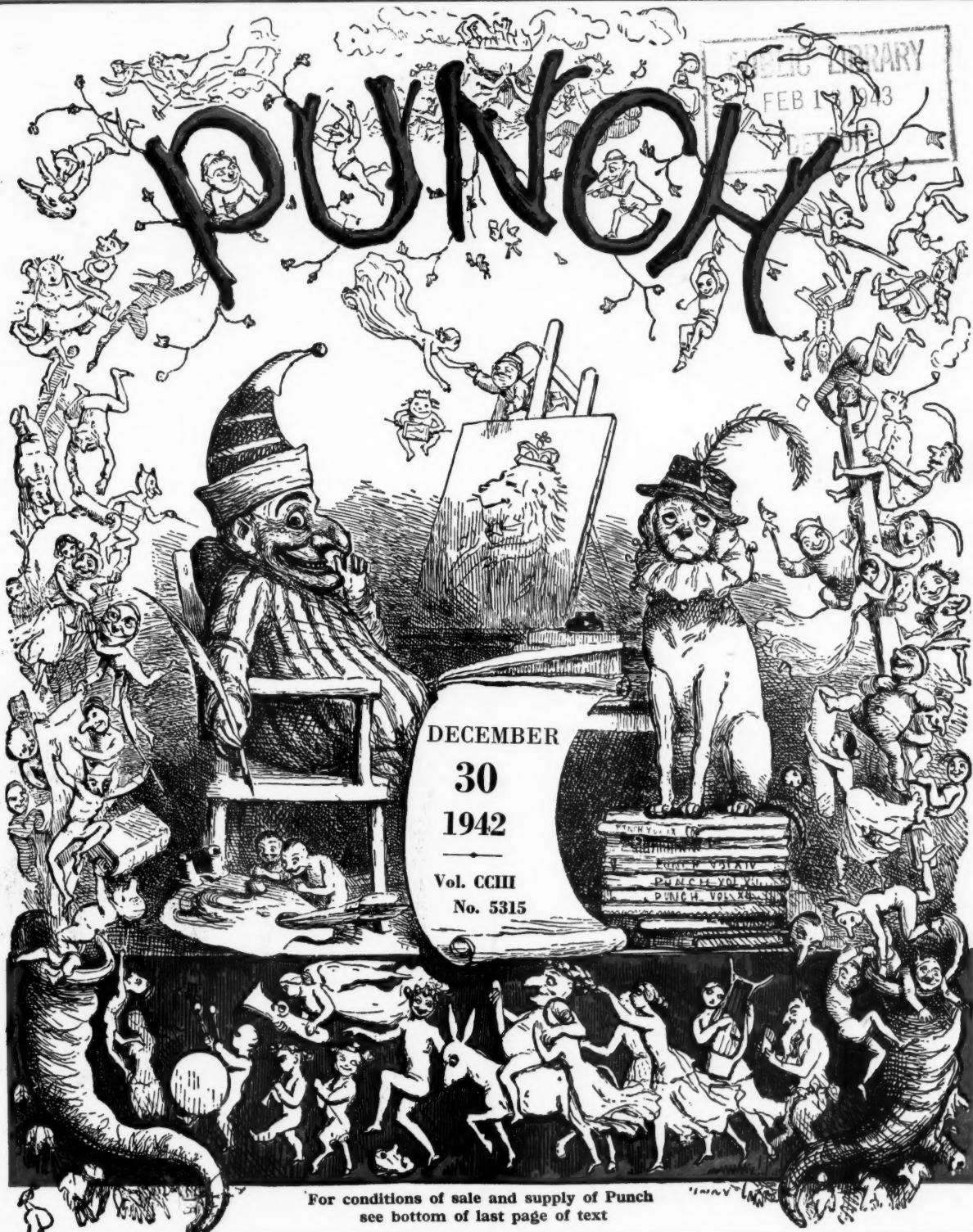


WINNERS
ON
"POINTS"

HUNTLEY & PALMERS BISCUITS

SUCCESS
THROUGH
QUALITY

Player's Please





A TASTY CONDIMENTS

A well-laid table should have a jar of Lemco beside the salt, pepper and mustard. Stir just a taste of this original concentrated beef extract into your soup and you will agree that Lemco has its place on the table as well as in the kitchen. Try Lemco spread very thinly on toast — a delicious quick savoury.

LEMCO

— THE ORIGINAL —

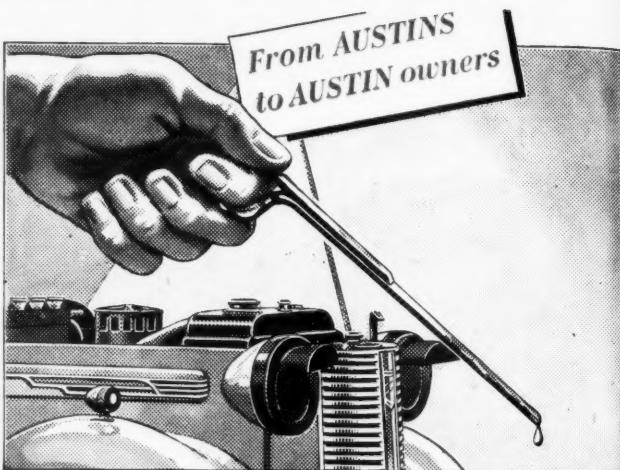
Concentrated Beef Extract



A Lemco Creation SAVOURY POLY-POLY

1 lb. suet pastry; Piece of onion, leek or 3 spring onions; oz. fat; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Lemco; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. fresh minced meat; lb. raw potatoes; $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. flour; $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water; Salt, pepper
Roll out the pastry in a strip. Dice the potatoes and chop the onion. Mix the meat and vegetables together, season and spread over the pastry. Roll up, seal the edges, tie in a cloth and boil 2½ hours. Serve with brown gravy as follows—Heat the fat in a small pan, stir in the flour and brown it. Add the Lemco and a teaspoon of Worcester Sauce or Mushroom Ketchup, and the water. Stir until boiling.

PREPARED BY OXO LIMITED, LONDON



THE DIPSTICK TELLS A TALE...

Austin cars with thousands of miles to their credit and more piling up on war work are still proving easy on the oil. That, of course, means pistons and cylinders are standing up staunchly to hard wear. Not surprising in an Austin, but gratifying none the less. With a little care Austin materials and workmanship will stand you—and the war effort—in good stead for a very long time indeed.

• A LITTLE OIL SAVES A LOT OF WEAR
Replenish engine oil weekly. Top up back axle, gear box, and grease propeller shaft and steering gear monthly. Lubricate all points as directed in handbook. Never skimp less accessible points. If you haven't the time get your Austin dealer to do it. Reducing wear on materials vital to war production helps the Country as well as your Austin.

Read the Austin Magazine—4d mthly • AUSTIN MOTOR CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM

Keep your
AUSTIN
fighting fit

FIRTH-VICKERS
STAYBRITE
SUPER RUSTLESS STEEL

The ideal metal
in the home





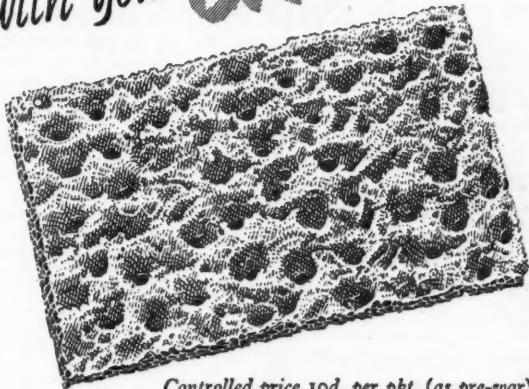
The OLD STAGE WAGON

THE Stage wagon—long, roomy, canvas-topped, drawn by six or more horses—was almost the only conveyance for heaviest goods from the 1560's to the railroad era. Until mid-17th century and the stage coaches, it was also the only vehicle for passengers, covering barely 15 miles a day. Without seats or furnishings—only a litter of straw in the dark depths on which to sit or lie—and with deplorable roads "this kind of journeying is so tedious, by reason that they must take waggon very early and come very late to their innes, that none but women and people of inferior condition travel by this sort." To-day, early and late, Britain's roads throng with all transport—serving, developing, supporting the Nation's Life.

Buy 3% SAVINGS BONDS

TRANSPORT SERVICES LTD., 116, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.2

RYVITA
the **BREAD** to enjoy
with your **CHEESE**



Controlled price 10d. per pkt. (as pre-war).

PRE-WAR QUALITY STANDARD UNCHANGED

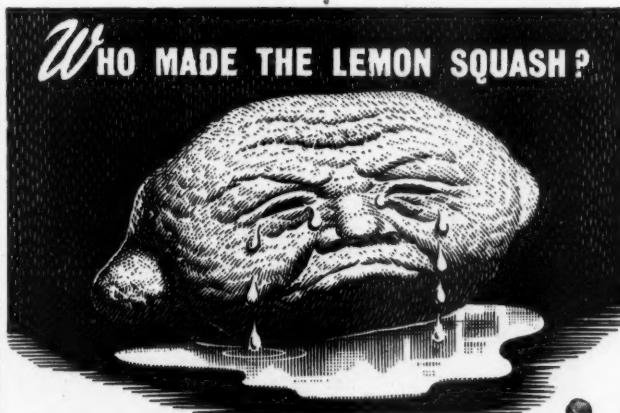
for Quality

SENIOR'S
FISH & MEAT PASTES

"EVERBRITE" RECHARGEABLE TORCH
recharged at home from your mains. No batteries required. Ideal for Black-out. Fully guaranteed. Thousands in use. Direct or from electrical dealers. Send for list "A."
"King of Pocket Lamps"

SUNBAKEN ELECTRICAL PRODUCTS MANCHESTER 1

Tri-ang
TOYS
FOR GIRLS AND BOYS
L.B. LTD. London



Idris admit their guilt. And, moreover, keep on brow-beating all the lemons that they can lay hands on. Too bad for the lemons; but very necessary in producing the most refreshing, wholesome drink that the palate can desire. What happy days again, after the war, when you are able to kill that thirst with a satisfying drink like Idris. As much of it, too, as you could wish for!

IDRIS
Table Waters



IDRIS LIMITED, LONDON, MAKERS OF QUALITY
TABLE WATERS THROUGH FIVE SUCCESSIVE REIGNS

GenaSprin
REGD TRADE MARK

KILLS PAIN QUICKLY—
TIME IT!

We are sorry to disappoint you, but the vital needs of the country *must* come first, and the materials which go to the making of 'GenaSprin' and 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food are now needed for other and more urgent purposes. Please remember this when you have difficulty in obtaining 'GenaSprin' and 'Sanatogen'.

SANATOGEN
REGD TRADE MARK
NERVE-TONIC FOOD

Thanks giving!

There is no better way of expressing our gratitude to our Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen this fourth year of War than by helping to meet the cost of Parcels to our Prisoners—

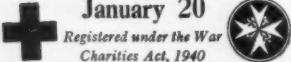
NOW OVER

£4,500,000
A YEAR

A gift from your Jewel Case to the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund will help. Send please, to the Treasurer, Red Cross Sales, 17, Old Bond Street, London, W.1, for the next

**RED CROSS
Jewel Sale
AT CHRISTIE'S**

January 20

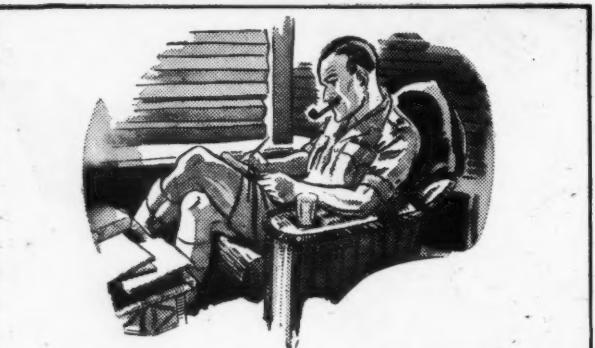


THIS SPACE IS A GIFT TO
THE RED CROSS BY
BEECHAM'S PILLS LTD.

STATE EXPRESS 555

For over half a century STATE EXPRESS 555 have maintained their reputation as the world's finest cigarettes.

THE BEST CIGARETTES IN THE WORLD



NEWS FROM THE EAST

Dear Hawkins:

It was like a breath of Home to get your airgraph letter and to recognise your well-known fist, even if it is reproduced a shade or so smaller. You would find great scope for your gift of knocking up cool drinks out here. If it weren't for the censor, I could tell you just what it's as hot as. But thank goodness we're not so far flung that we're out of reach of Rose's Lime Juice. The result is that the rare headaches which do arise can be honestly blamed on the sun.

What's the Rose's situation like at home? Grab me a couple of bottles if you can, for I've a hunch there's going to be a celebration when I get back. Glad to hear you're enjoying the Home Guard. Give my salaams to the Rector and don't tell him I've taken to sleeping in a loin cloth.

Sincerely,

ROSE'S — There is no substitute

PEOPLE WHO WORK..



A cup of delicious Allenburys Diet taken mid-morning or before retiring is a wise provision against overstrain and fatigue. Made from rich, creamy milk and whole wheat it is highly nutritive and, being pre-digested in manufacture, is easily assimilated, even by those who normally find milk a little "heavy."

From all Chemists, 2/4 and 4/6 a tin.
Made in England by Allen & Hanburys Ltd., D.J.2

A.A. & SUBMARINE DEFENCE



3d. each

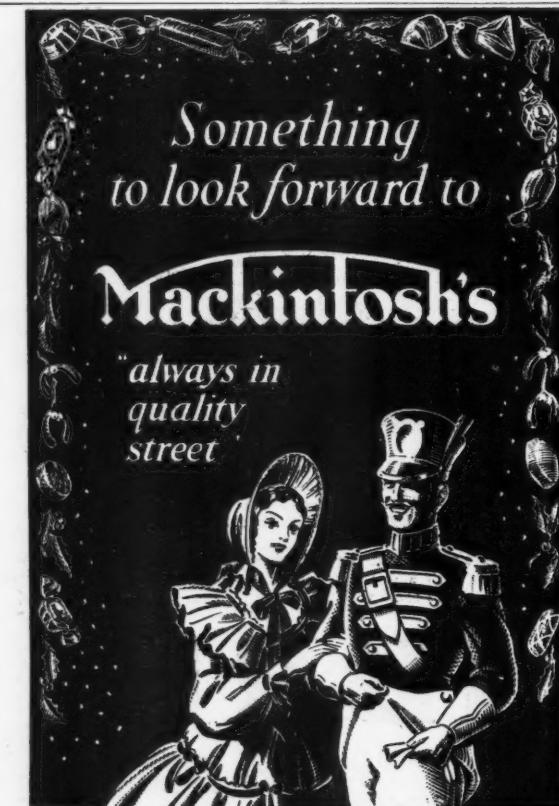
including Purchase Tax

Keep an alert eye open for Eclipse Blades—now made only in the popular slotted pattern. Their clean and comfortable shaving is even more appreciated now that supplies are so limited.

Obtainable only from retailers
JAMES NEILL & CO. (SHEFFIELD) LTD

There are still limited supplies of Young's Morecambe Shrimps—
freshly peeled—spiced—cooked.
1 Beauchamp Place, London, S.W.1
and at Morecambe. No post orders.

YOUNGS
Morecambe SHRIMPS



JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS LTD., TOFFEE TOWN, HALIFAX
Makers of "Quality Street" and other high-grade Toffees and Chocolates

Cephos THE
SAFE &
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REMEDY
FOR COLDS & FLU

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December 30 1942

PUNCH or *The London Charivari***The Spirit of Raleigh**

Raleigh would find just cause for pride in the unflinching courage of our Men of the Merchant Navy who, in spite of perils greater than any of his day, get the Convoys through.

On sea, on land and in the skies, in office, factory, workshop, the spirit of Raleigh still abides and thrives.

The makers of Raleigh Cycles reflect it too, in the enterprise and initiative which have made and kept the Raleigh Cycle Supreme.

The demand for Raleigh Cycles is greater than the supply; so please be patient if asked to wait your turn.

RALEIGH

THE ALL-STEEL BICYCLE



THE RALEIGH CYCLE CO., LTD., LENTON, NOTTINGHAM

RUB IN ELLIMAN'S RUB OUT PAIN

Elliman's has always been precious to sufferers from Rheumatism, Stiffness, Sciatica, Swollen Joints, etc., and is even more so to-day, but

**BE WISE—
MAKE IT GO
AS FAR AS
POSSIBLE**

THIS WAY →

Just pour a 'blob' of Elliman's, about the size of a penny, into one hand, rub both palms together until the hands are well covered and then proceed to rub where the trouble is. Please do not use in a 'wholesale' way.



BURLINGTON ARCADE

Burlingtons are the perfect alternative to imported Havanas. Guaranteed made and rolled from the finest imported Havana and other world famous cigar leaf.

BURLINGTON
Cigars

Half Coronas 1/- Coronas 1/8 Petit Coronas 1/4

Obtainable from all High Class Dealers and Stores

BURLINGTON CIGARS, 173, NEW BOND STREET, W.I.



EYES ON THE FUTURE

The time will come when you need

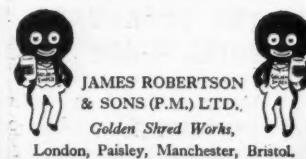
no longer miss a good picture for want of a film. Meanwhile, supplies of Selo films are necessarily restricted, but all available supplies are distributed through approved dealers. If your photographic dealer is out of stock, please do not write to the manufacturers; Ilford Limited cannot supply amateur photographers direct.

SELO FILMS

Made by ILFORD LIMITED, Ilford, London



**The
best tea-time
preserve**
Robertson's
**BRAMBLE
SEEDLESS**
**and the best
coupon value**





Wisdom for War Time

MANY a maxim grows so familiar that we are apt to overlook its wisdom.

"Patience is a virtue" comes home to all of us today with freshened meaning. Especially when you find McVitie & Price Biscuits less easy to come by.

Don't forget the need for saving transport, shipping space, fuel, labour, which, of necessity, ever grows more urgent, and which must mean for each and every one of us some unaccustomed sacrifice accepted, to be sure, with good-will, good sense and British good humour.

Remember

McVITIE & PRICE BISCUITS

McVITIE & PRICE LTD • EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER

THE **ROYAL SALOP INFIRMARY** has great need of financial help

For 198 years this Hospital, supported by Voluntary Contributions, has successfully carried on its good work, giving medical and surgical assistance to those unfortunate people in need of it.

Large extensions have been added, a new Pathological Laboratory has been built and equipped and other improvements are in hand.

To Proud Salopians everywhere we make a special appeal.

**Donations large or small
gratefully received by**

**THE TREASURER, SALOPIAN APPEAL,
ROYAL SALOP INFIRMARY, SHREWSBURY**

This space has been made available to the Hospital by the courtesy of The Chatwood Safe Company, Shrewsbury.

Use your Terry Anglepoise Lamp (if you are fortunate enough to possess one!) to reach your fuel target. Its adjustability and application close to the object allows the use of 40—or even 25—watt bulbs with perfect efficiency. Would that these wonderful lamps of the 1001 angle adjustability could play a wider part in this effort, but, alas, their supply to the public is restricted for "the duration." So, until then—

HERBERT TERRY & SONS, LTD., REDDITCH

Pat. all countries.

SOME OF THE FOOT ANGLES TAKEN BY THIS FINE FUEL SAVER

*The TERRY
ANGLEPOISE LAMP*

30,000 feet up!

The higher the altitude—the colder the feet.

Naturally we must not let our Airmen face the intense cold of the stratosphere without the finest protection that can be made. That means sheepskin, and that explains why Morlands Glastonbury sheepskin boots and slippers are scarce. The shops will have a limited number of pairs from time to time, but you may have to wait your turn.

Please don't order new Glastonburys unless you must. Take care of any you already have and "make do." Use them only on cold days. Don't soak them and don't bake them near a fire.



MORLANDS GLASTONBURYS



A sheepskin slipper with soft leather sole and a cozy turn-over top.

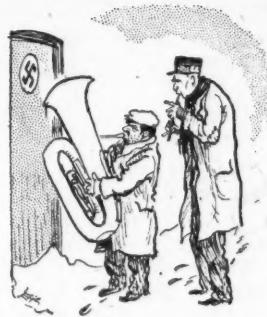
A wartime ladies' ankle boot—sheepskin lined Warm, serviceable, and neat.





YOUNCY

or The London Charivari



Vol. CCIII No. 5315

December 30 1942

Charivaria

MEMBERS of a Yeovil works choir have sung carols for sixteen years running. That is the safest way.

A veteran artist says that as a young painter he had several pictures accepted by the Royal Academy. Setting his jaw, he kept on until one wasn't.



"LARGE horse for sale; almost new."
Advt. in "The Scotsman."
Rocking or towel?

A policewoman soprano was a feature of a recent concert. In an emergency she wouldn't need to blow her whistle.

Italian prisoners in the Libyan desert were eating garlic when captured. Given a favourable wind, these tactics practically ensure rescue by a British patrol.

It is suggested in Germany that ROMMEL should be sent to the Eastern Front. It would seem that the German generals there are not disengaging themselves very successfully from the Russians.

Machine-gun nests and barbed-wire are features of all German cities, we are told. Apparently HITLER thinks there is a possibility of peace breaking out in the Reich.

A critic says that a new play has the best acting in London. Perhaps, but what about the shopper who throws out casually: "Oh, and a No. 8 battery, please."

A journalist has been stabbed by a girl because he refused to say that he loved her. He claims, however, that this was the first time he was ever stuck for a phrase.

After a heavyweight contest in America both boxers were taken to hospital. The verdict is postponed to see which one comes out first.

A woman writer points out that many a good cook is now working at a bench in a war factory. From soup to nuts.

A secret pocket for men's suits has been invented. Wives have little to laugh about these days, but this should help.



A bank manager has written a novel. It will be understandable if most of the characters are overdrawn.

"The FUEHRER's statements on world affairs are timed very carefully," says a correspondent. So we should soon be hearing that he has no further territorial claims in Cyrenaica.



Smiling Through

"We had good services, only slightly marred in the evening by a great deluge, as a result of which the preacher had to preach without his boots and in socks which were not his own, but nobody was any the worse for it."—*Parish Magazine*.

Several writers have been asking what will happen to Italy when Signor MUSSOLINI dies. Some of us are wondering what will happen to MUSSOLINI.

Tolstoy Reads the Nine O'clock News.

SALUTATION to everybody. Here is the so-called Nine o'clock News and this is Count Leo Nicholaievitch Tolstoy, author of *War and Peace*, relaying it from the Elysian fields.

It is being commonly said by literary historians that the *pincer grip* of the Russian armies continues to close on the enemy in the Don elbow and that parts of the opposing forces are *encircled*, but this statement only exemplifies the common tendency of mankind to simplify and express in one startling phrase the vast and often incoherent movements, mysterious alike to those who participate in them and those who originate them, of two contending hosts in a great modern battlefield.

For an armed body has in fact no pincers, and if it had would be unable to actuate them in accordance with the customary mechanism of this kind of instrument, any more than a river has in fact an elbow; and it would be more true to say that the Russian troops, made up of a vast number of men, each having an individual soul, some of whom are fair and some dark, some taller, some shorter than others, with different-coloured eyes and hair, and each one also impelled by a variety of motives, in which fury, the desire for revenge, a spirit of heroic courage outweighing natural timidity, a recollection of their homes and families, and the ordinary promptings of military discipline are hopelessly intermingled, have followed that inevitable law of nature by which, just as water finds its own level, they at once fill a gap created by the withdrawal of a similar body of men less able to summon the same set of instincts and motives to their aid, and having in many cases run short of ammunition while they suffer also from frozen ears and fingers, a lack of provisions, a want of belief in victory and chilblains on their feet.

But in some cases the Germans belonging to this latter body, not for any strategical reason, but being better equipped or having more comfortable boots, yet at the same time unable to discover what is happening on the right of them or on the left of them, are said to be "encircled" because remaining where they are they now find that their opponents are not only in front of them but also on both sides of them and behind them, and they are therefore now in a worse position than any of the others: thus these Germans gazing with a pig-like stupidity at their Russian conquerors are only aware that the icy blizzards are revolving in rapid circles round the steppes, and fail to perceive that conquered and conquerors alike are nothing but the involuntary tools of history.

Turning now to what is often called the North African battle-front, we find a situation not exactly similar but also easily explained by those who delve deeply into the problems of human behaviour, a situation in which Field-Marshal Rommel has been for a long while, in the words of General Montgomery, "struck for six" or "in the bag," although the Commander of an army is never to the view of an historical philosopher, "struck" for "six," nor does an army have bags, or not of so great a length as to be capable of enclosing or containing a German Field-Marshal.

The position of Rommel even if we eliminate the various and complicated manoeuvres of armoured vehicles, of guns, or aeroplanes, of mines, and of men each with his different weapons, and his different complication of hopes and fears, may be more properly compared to that of an ostrich, long moulting, which rushes rapidly over the desert to escape his would-be captor, and then turns for a time and, in the

effort to baffle pursuit, plunges his head into the sand, but in either case obeys a blind impulse natural to his species, the culmination of a thousand evolutionary chances and correlated, perhaps, to the dictates of eternity.

[A gong sounds.]

There is no news from the First Army, which in common with all armies at all times probably continues to conduct patrol activities, to eat, to drink, to use rough oaths, to display camaraderie, to narrate "love" affairs, to grumble, to rejoice, to exaggerate, to belittle itself, to forage, to open with great eagerness letters from home, and to answer those letters with false statements that the writer is in the pink, whereas it would be more true to say that he was in the magenta, in the purple, or in the brown.

Flying machines of the Bomber Command have gone out over North Germany, presenting the illusion of a cloud of enormous bees which fill the air with the drone of their wings or of a flock of night-seeing birds hungry for their prey, though in reality the noise is caused by the action of their engines, and their skill and courage depends to a great extent on the labours of a myriad scientists and industrial workers, whose names are hardly remembered by the fliers during their journey.

Dropping their projectiles they have heard loud explosions, and it has seemed so loud that the earth sprang up to meet them, and that the dark plain of the night blossomed suddenly with flowers of fire, each one precisely noted on their map with a pin; and whilst on returning they have said that "we gave Duisberg hell," or "Jerry got it in the neck" the inhabitants of those towns over which they have flown have repeated to each other such phrases as "That was much material damage" or "That was another big bump," as though by any of these phrases they could exactly represent what has occurred or fit it precisely into the vast chain of events which is subject to the immutable decrees of destiny.

[A gong sounds again.]

To conclude to-night's news, here is a record of the experience of Tom William Ticehurst of the peasant commune of Fiddlebury, the oldest bell-ringer in England, who rang the church bell at Fiddlebury on the morning of Christmas Day. This is Tomski Ticehurst speaking. "It's a dunnamany¹ years since I first ringed bell, and it be main² orner³ hard ringing un. Howsumever I do rackon I ringed un so tarble⁴ loud as iver I did." In these words recorded by our own recording arch-angel Tom Ticehurst shows you the emotions partly joyful, partly sorrowful, partly neither, which filled his heart as he rang the Fiddlebury Church bell on Christmas Day, apparently unconscious that in this act, appearing to him to be an act of his own will, or the result of an order imposed on him by the vicar, he was in fact participating in the general swarm life of mankind whose deeds are only minutely differentiated one from another, have no cause or if they have any cause were long ago predetermined in their sequence by—

[A gong sounds very sharply indeed.]

That is the end of the Nine o'clock News.

EVOE.

¹ Very many. *Sussex dialect.*

² Extremely. "

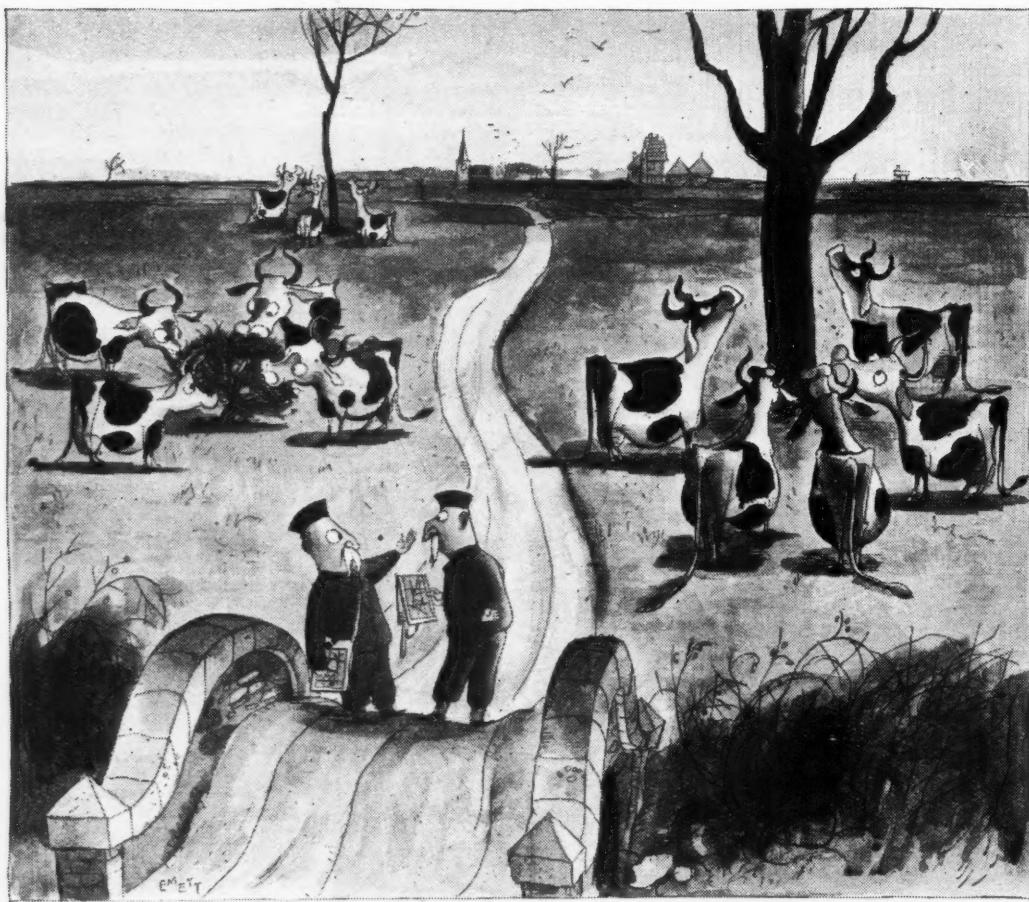
³ Excessively. "

⁴ Tremendously. "



NO FANFARES NOW

"We should never have let Adolf blow this, there's a piece of carpet stuck inside."



"SOMEWHERE in this open terrain I have hidden three guerrillas . . ."

The Phoney Phleet

II—H.M.S. Jenny Wren

PROGRESSIVELY throughout the war
The lack of males grew more and more
Pronounced, but still their Lordships swore
That women, though employed on shore,
Should never go to sea.

In time they had to change their mind,
And said, provided they could find
A warship of *non-lethal* kind—
The word was three times underlined—
There possibly might be

A chance for Wrens—well, just a few—
To sail upon the deep, deep blue
And, maybe, fire a gun or two—
But only dummy rounds, mark you—
Experimentally.

They found, and fitted out a yacht.
Each individual rating got
A private bath, a comfy cot,
The *sweetest* cabin—(all the lot
Were fitted h. and c.)

The stores were equally complete
With face-creams, lipstick, packed in neat
Containers, and (a special treat)
Bath-salts for Sundays, I repeat,
Real Bath-salts, issued free.

They named the ship the *Jenny Wren*,
They manned her without any men
And sent her off in August when
The seas are fairly calm. And then
She met an enemy.

A U-boat, surfaced, if you please,
Engaged in charging batteries,
The crew on deck and at their ease
Sun-bathing in the gentle breeze—
The U1403.

Miss Jones, the captain, called her crew
And said (although it wasn't new)
"England, my dears, expects of you
That Every Girl This Day Will Do
Her Duty. Follow me."

She didn't need to form a plan
(They were three girls to every man)
She simply steamed ahead and ran
Alongside. Then the fun began.

I think you will agree,

That as one woman's quite enough
To sink a sailor, this was rough
On Fritz. He thought he knew his stuff,
But, *Himmel!* were these babies tough!
And he was one to three.

A boarding-party, fighting fit,
Went in and made short work of it.
They kicked, they pinched, they
scratched, they bit;
They struck them like a direct hit
From tons of T.N.T.

They heaved the Germans one by one
Aboard their ship, and every Hun
Was welcomed by a Wren—with gun—
Who knocked him down in girlish fun
Most efficaciously.

When all were safely stowed below
They took the submarine in tow
And set a course for Plymouth Hoe.
Miss Jones said "Splice the Main
brace," so
They all had extra tea.

And that was the first action fought
By Wrens. When they returned to port
The First Sea Lord—a decent sort—
Turned out to cheer them. And he
brought
Miss Jones the D.S.C.

• •

British Industries at War

Near-Bear is Best

(*Mr. Punch's Special Reporter continues his tour of Industrial Britain at the "Highland" Temperance Hotel, Burton-on-Trent.*)

No young man should seek to become a journalist unless he is prepared to see his belief in the decency and brotherhood of man ruthlessly shattered. That was my mistake. I went to Fleet Street with a biography of C. P. Scott, a shorthand primer and great expectations. I began at the bottom of the ladder. That was my wish. The thought of starting to climb a ladder from half-way up was as odious to me as the practice of turning down the pages of library books. My progress was rapid. From the "Teams for Saturday" column I climbed to "Local Weddings" by way of "Livestock, Poultry, Eggs, etc., and "Answer to Last Week's

Crossword." My restless ambition drove me on. After a short engagement with *The Times* as an allottee of box-numbers I took the step which was to prove as important to the nation as to myself. I began to pen these dramatic accounts of the war-time exploits of British industries. The work was nerve-wracking. It entailed many discomforts and much travel but my will remained unbroken. That is my story. Nothing to grumble about, you say? Read on.

The time came for me to depart for Burton-on-Trent. This time it would be different. I should be happy in Burton. The article would write itself. As everyone knows, Burton is the Mecca of collectors of old crystal-sets. This would indeed be a holiday. My bags were already packed when I was summoned before the chief.

"Look here, Sprocket," he said, "about this trip of yours to Burton. I've decided to give you a rest. You are looking very pale."

"But, sir . . ." I began.

"No, no, Sprocket, I know you are conscientious and all that, but several, nay all, of your colleagues have offered to deputize for you. As a matter of fact I may go myself."

I will not describe the scene which ensued. I threatened to resign. My resignation was accepted. I was reinstated. I was accused of dipsomania. But I got my way in the end. I am sorry to wash so much dirty linen in public, but I feel that my grievances are legitimate.

Just outside the station at Burton there is a view calculated to make the mouth water. Row on row of neat semi-detached villas separated by broad, tree-lined thoroughfares—post-war Britain in miniature. There is nothing of melancholia in the anatomy of Burton. The whole town seems strangely uplifted. The very air is intoxicating.

But Burton is also famous for its breweries, and I was soon out upon my rounds of inspection and inquiry. At one establishment I saw millions of gallons of a colourless liquid, packets of yeast and malt and several hops. From these simple ingredients the master-brewer concocts his appetizing beverages. It is skilled work to make so much out of so little. Unless you have been behind the scenes in a wartime brewery you will not know just how much effort is being put into the business of fitting the quality of beer to the nation's needs. I learned that in spite of the shortage of supplies there is now far more hydrogen and oxygen in beer than there was before the war. Actually there is twice as much

hydrogen as oxygen. The brewers are doing their bit to preserve Britain's "stubborn good health."

How is the beer industry standing the strain? Brewing is not only an ancient craft but an exacting science. Just now the research chemists are trying desperately hard to remove a slight taste of the Trent from the mild and bitter ales. Apparently the recent increase in hydrogen and oxygen content has something to do with this, but it is obviously not a matter for the layman. The Ministry of Food is doing great work in Burton. Everyone speaks with praise of the many officials of the Ministry who are so zealous in their determination to supply the public with beer of the right quality. Nothing is too much trouble for them. They are forever testing, tasting and sampling. It is a fine example.

I would now like to refer to a problem of interest more to the psychologist than to the casual reader. It is sometimes said that the shabbiest hats are seen in Luton; that fish is never eaten in Billingsgate, nor tea drunk in Mincing Lane. If these items are correct they would appear to support the theory that most workers live too near and too much with their handiwork to enjoy it for its own sake. A good demonstration of this phenomenon occurs nightly in Burton. At about eight o'clock there is an orderly exodus from the town. Thousands of men move stolidly—like the fauna of the savanna—towards the water. It is an unforgettable sight—the great river lined with men lapping thirstily. By ten o'clock all is over. From a keen sense of discipline the men rise from their water-holes and move back to the cold comfort of their hearths. Occupational familiarity soon breeds contempt.

As I left Burton I could not but reflect upon its great efforts to hasten the day of final victory. Grim posters urged the populace to use less fuel, to eat more potatoes and to ask themselves whether journeys were really necessary. My last impression was of a large poster pasted to the wall of a brewery. It said: "Use Less Water."

• •

"TAXI DRIVER Wanted at once, must be able to drive."—*Advt. in Scottish Paper.*
A reasonable stipulation.

• •

Broken-In

"Soldiers will soon shave with plastic razors, already proven capable of taking severe abuse."—*Christian Science Monitor.*



"I see No. 14's husband carries a Tommy-gun."

H. J. Talking

ONE year we decided to have a novelty fern in the drawing-room to give pleasure to our visitors, and this fern was skilfully painted to look as though it had the blight, our friends receiving much cheap pleasure from being able to advise us on its cure. On evenings when we are liable to callers my wife insists that I read to her, this causing in her opinion a very domesticated sight. The book we customarily use is one written jointly by Mrs. Oscar and Friend, and when they were writing it they could never agree at all, so it was decided that one should do the descriptions, the chapter headings and the plot up to page 100, while the other did the dialogue, the preface and the plot from page 100 to the end. This work is called *Gay Times Up West*, and deals with market-day at Appleby. We chose it, to begin with, partly because we knew the authors so that mistakes would be interesting, and partly because it is dedicated to us, as follows:—

To Mr. and Mrs. Harmony Jenkins
In return for much encouragement and some
hospitality.

I will now quote you a short extract.

CHAPTER V

"When she left the village she was shy."
(Popular ballad in honour of Florence Nightingale.)

Through the quaint streets trotted innumerable herds of oxen, flocks of sheep and even packs of hounds, for was

not the Hunt meeting on Market Day? A glance at the red-coated horsemen, who abounded wherever there was room so to do, would have turned suspicion to certainty. Nor were vegetables, cereals, flowers, herbs and such miscellanea as mangel-wurzels absent from the scene. With difficulty Shem C. Dillydale shouldered his way through the crowd which clustered round the burly figure of the auctioneer. His eyes gleamed like two cigar ends beneath his knitted brows, that on the left being purl, the other plain. Scooping the auctioneer aside with a mighty palm he swung himself upon the rostrum and in a voice vibrating with passion, dominance and the difficulty of selecting the *mot juste*, he thus began:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, it is with extreme diffidence that I invite your attention to what, if you will bear with me further, I am about to say. I am, indeed, most conscious of my inadequacy as a public speaker nor, were a better man to present himself, could I properly refuse to withdraw in his favour. Since, however, the burden of addressing you falls upon me, shoulder it I must and, with humble apologies for my inexperience, solicit your attention for a few moments. If anyone here has lost a pearl-handled hoe will he please apply to Shem C. Dillydale at the Lost Property Office between the hours of two and four to-day? It is with a sense of overpowering relief that I conclude my remarks and in all humility thank you for the restraint and forbearance with which you have received them. Ladies and gentlemen, I bid you adieu."

A buzz of speculation followed this announcement, for was it not well known that this was the first time that any property had been lost by the close-fisted inhabitants of the locality? Ever since its foundation by the Carnegie Trust the office had remained unused, the cobwebs masking its empty shelves and its ledger as white as the whitest thing of which the reader can think. Shem had been unanimously elected Curator in the far-off days of the first opening. No other candidate dared stand against the Dillydale interest, which already controlled the Mortuary, the Philological Museum, and the Saxon Bath.

A pearl-handled hoe seemed to connote a gentleman-farmer, and with one accord all eyes were turned on Mr. Harry, the most genteel agriculturist for fifty miles around. He was standing playing with the black cord of his pince-nez, a quizzical smile beneath his silky moustache, and when he became aware of the gazes bent on him from all sides he shrugged his shoulders ruefully as if to say, "A certain carelessness about one's chattels is far from

SIRENS . . .

ONE never knows where the attack will fall, but when it does it is bound to mean that more people need the immediate help of food, clothing, money, hospital treatment and the wherewithal to carry on. *Punch*, through its COMFORTS FUND, endeavours to be a good neighbour to them all.

Will you please help us in the good work? We would be so grateful if you could send a contribution, however small. Donations will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouvierie Street, London, E.C.4.



"I'm sorry, I didn't know it was loaded!"

unbecoming to a feller, what?" But despite his efforts to evade the consequences of his folly, he could not avoid the disapproval of the crowd, which felt itself affronted by so gross a breach of that grim code which ruled the lives and strengthened the fibre of his neighbours. Sneers grew to cat-calls. Some hissed; some spat. A minute more and the crowd would have turned to open violence, when a clear girlish voice cut through the gathering storm. It was Our Heroine once more.

Once while I was bathing my arm got sticky with soap and a fly adhered to it. Being too occupied to dispose of this fly for the moment I slipped it into my wife's work-basket and then forgot the matter owing to being called to stir the Christmas-pudding, over which my wife and I always had a dispute, I insisting that it was threepenny-bits which it was lucky to have in it and she being convinced it was four-leaved clover. While in the work-basket the fly fed a lot on a thimble made of dried milk and became very large indeed—so large that it had an expression, and animals with expressions cannot be exterminated unless they run away, which being of a cheerful and affectionate disposition it would never do. When it finished the thimble we gave it an umbrella-handle and then some buttons. Very soon it had to have the work-basket cleared for it, and what was even more annoying was that it never landed on the ceiling, its size giving a unique opportunity to observe how this is done. B. Smith suggested that if we gave it no more dried milk it would wither away, but about this time it weaned itself and turned to bell-pushes, and while it was on these confusion is what reigned, for it flew from one to another taking pecks, each of which was answered by somebody, and in the end we had to put sentiment aside and send it anonymously to friends who had once given Junissimus some bagpipes.

Winter

THE sea cries "Danger!"
And the fanged fog climbs:
Christ guard all sailing-men
These hard times.

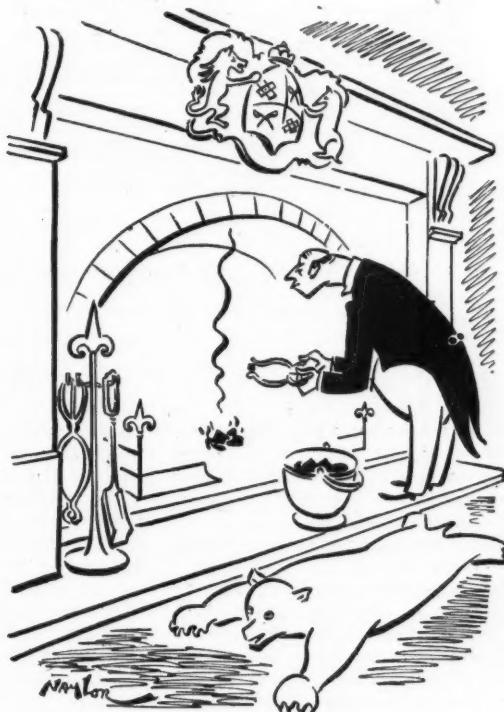
The sun wanes faster
And the grey cloud stays:
Christ guard all soldier-men
These harsh days.

The wind blows harder
And the black frost bites:
Christ guard all flying-men
These cold nights.

The sky turns wintry
And the air and sea:
Christ guard all fighting-men
Where'er they be.

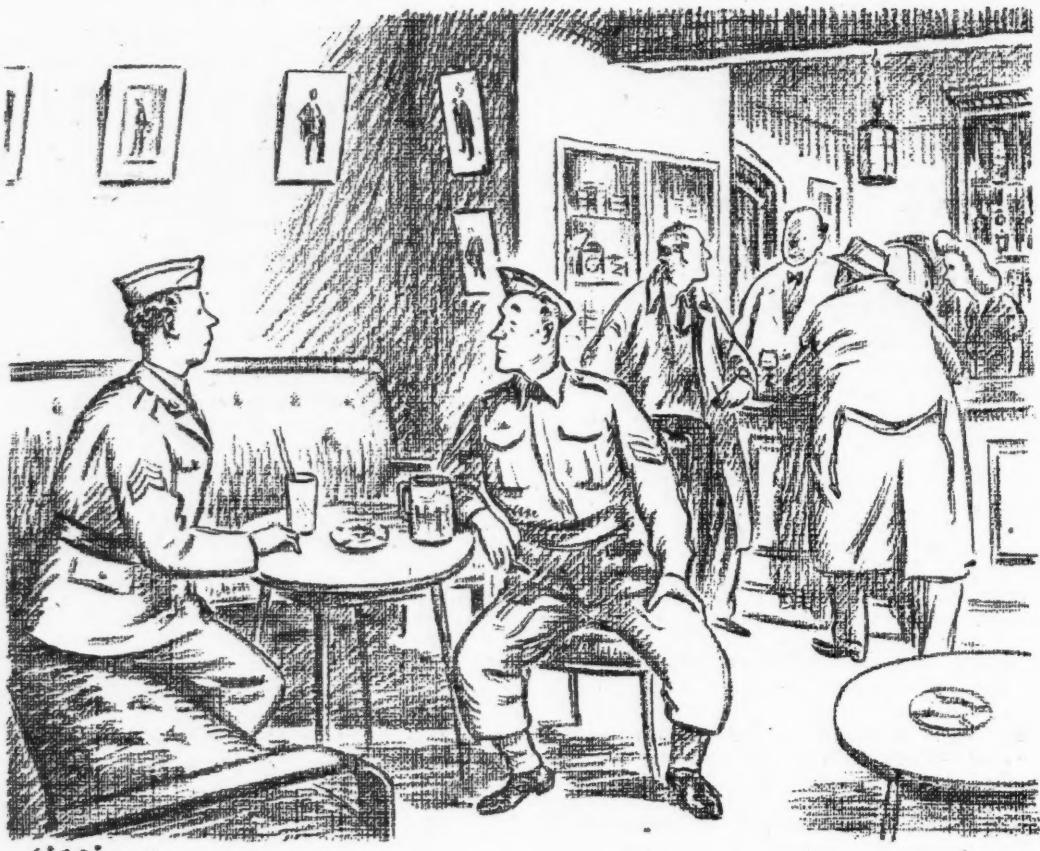
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Things Which Might Have Been Expressed Differently
"Mr. J. Anderson said that not a single instance could be quoted where an injured person had been sent away alive from the hospital."—*Northern Paper*.



DOGGERELS OF WAR—VI

*When fires you're refuelling
Remember we're duelling
With Hitler;
Make 'em littler.*



"No, I can't remember that we ever DID celebrate Magna Carta day."

His Own Country

I WAS tired after a day's walk over the fells, but there was just time to revisit the Poet's House before looking for a bed. I bought my ticket at the cottage next door.

"Ten minutes more and we would have been closed for the night," remarked the old lady regretfully.

The door of the house stood open and in the little parlour I joined a conducted party consisting of a young W.A.A.F. and an Aircraftman with a glazed look in his eyes. The feminine guide made no attempt to disguise her feelings at the sight of an arrival so near closing-time.

"The-chair-by-the-fireplace-is-that used-by-the-Poet-the-portrait-above-was-executed-by-a-local-artist-and-is-supposed-to-be-a-good-likeness-

of-him-in-his-later-years-up-the-stairs-please - to - the - left," she muttered sulkily. I felt rather guilty, and still more annoyed with myself for the feeling. We entered a bedroom.

"This-was-his-room-from-1727-to-1742-when-the-roof-was-raised-and-it-was-used-by-his-younger-son-the-bed-is-not-the-original-but-stands-where-stood-the-couch-mentioned-in-the-well-known-poem-when-on-my-couch-I-wakeful-lie-I-chase-the-rain-drops-through-the-sky."

She glared at me; I became angry. Why should she spoil the romance of the place for me just because she wanted to clear off before the proper time?

"Ah, yes," I said, "that lovely thing—how does it go on?"

"You can buy the collected edition in the dining-room downstairs," she retorted—"three-and-six paper, five shillings cloth." At least she was a worthy foe.

"This is where we came in, George," whispered the Waaf. The familiar phrase jerked George out of his trance-like state and they departed. I was alone with the enemy. We took each other's measure.

"I suppose you'll want to complete the tour?" she asked without hope. The thought of such a grim perambulation appalled me.

"No," I said. "I'll spare you. I have been over it before. You must find these small parties tedious after the crowds of peace-time."

"Crowds," she echoed; "you're

telling me!" She had cast her professional mantle and become human. "Why, I've lectured to over forty people in this very room; most of them Americans and good for a bob or two apiece."

"Do you find it monotonous work in the season?"

"You've said it! The year before the war we had two or three hundred over most days. I walked in my sleep one night, and was my husband mad! 'Come back to bed, Ethel,' he cried; but I told him it wasn't the original though it stood in the same place. Soft, I know, but it sort of gets on your brain."

I waited while she went round shutting windows and locking doors.

"I suppose he is just a name to many visitors?"

"Not the Yanks," she replied. "Some, of course, but lots of them can reel off his stuff by the yard. There was one old chap—Panama hat and brown boots, you know—came three years running; he used to crouch at one end of the parlour and swear he could see the Old Man sitting in his chair smoking a churchwarden; he looked as if he really could, too—quite spooky it was!"

"I suppose you never feel like that?"

"Not me!" She laughed. "We get some queer folk. There was a New York couple who wanted to be married in the parlour and cut up rough when we couldn't oblige; I sent them on to Gretna." She opened a cupboard and produced a book. "I'll show you something I don't show everybody," she said confidentially.

"It looks very modern to be anything of his."

"His!" she sniffed. "It's my autograph-book; look here—Glamora Sunbeam and her husband, Slick Oizelstein." She turned a page. "Snitch Hobson too. It's good, isn't it?"

"It is," I sighed. "Were they interested in the Poet?"

"Nuts on him," she replied. "Snitch was furious because the manager of his hotel had never heard of *The Last Sunset*." She replaced the book. "There was a party of Lancashire chaps came over the same day; out for a joke, you know, and one of them played the mouth-organ—played well, he did—but you'd have thought they were in church the way those Yanks went on!" Her eyes softened in a reminiscent glow. "I can see Snitch standing in the door now," she murmured, "saying we were a nation of shopwalkers or something and didn't deserve to own the place. My, he was angry! Said he would buy the place

up and take it where it would be properly app-ree-ciated."

"Well, it's still here," I said.

"That's not his fault," she replied. "Mr. Turner, the man from the National Trust, told me afterwards he had written to them offering to build a dance-hall and a station hotel in its place." She knitted her brows. "What was it he said, now? Oh, yes; 'They would be more suited to our aesthetic and culinary tastes than the shrine of a great artist.' Funny him getting wrong about the 'artist'—the Old Bird didn't paint pictures that ever I heard of—but it was cutting. Snitch can fairly make you shrivel up. Did you see him in *Three Blind Men*? Pity; he was lovely."

In the garden path we met two American soldiers who were surprised to hear that they would have to wait

till the next day to see the house. I walked with them to the town and discussed the English in general and the guide in particular.

"No doubt you're a great nation," said one of them, "but you're hard folks to understand. You plug the world with boost about your big shots, while their home towns know more about the movies than about the guys who made them famous. What's the idea?"

"Just one of our invisible exports," was all I could think of in reply.

• • •

"Mr. and Mrs. John — were married 60 years ago next Wednesday and have liver there ever since. Mr. — is 80. He retired 11 months ago from land work, but is tired of retirement."—*Local Paper*.

And liver?



Tongassos

"And oh boy, are they democratic! Why, if you buy a top-priced seat, they turn you out directly the big picture's over, but if you buy a cheap one, they let you sit there as long as you like."



"And as for your taunt about getting on with the war, I assure you that nobody is more anxious to win the war than I am."

Farewell, Forty-Two

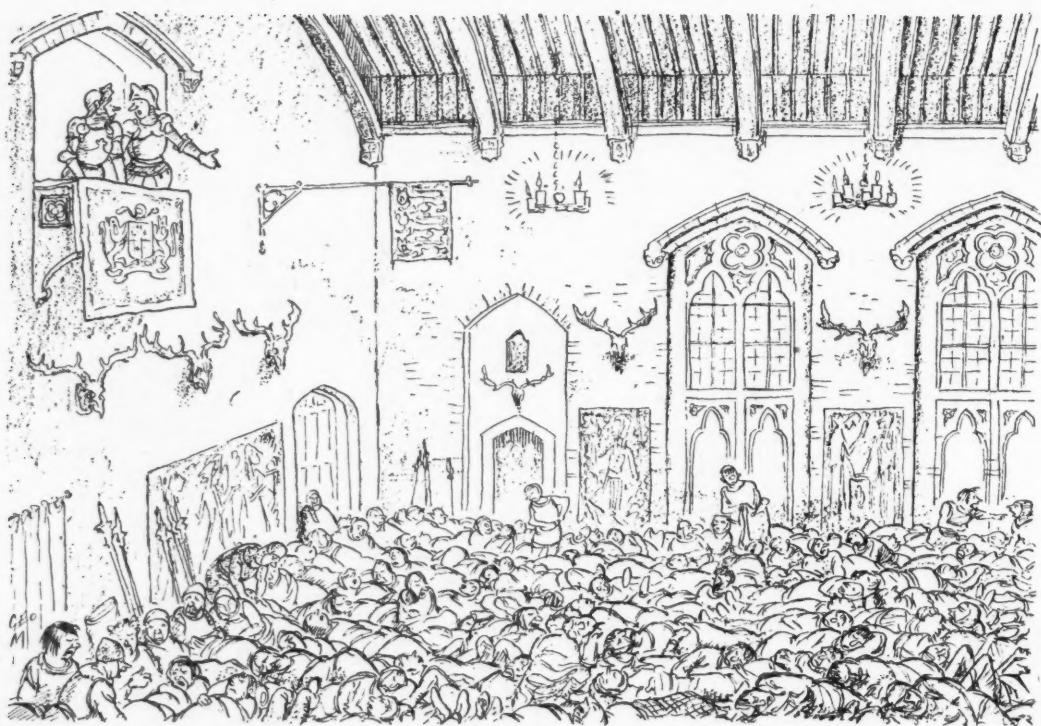
FAREWELL, fair '42,
Fair '42, farewell.
I throw a rose to you.
You have done well.
Years do not often die
To songs of thankful mirth,
So seldom do they justify
The hopes they raise at birth.
They rise an inch—and then they
gravitate;
They promise mountains—and
produce a maze;
Just before Christmas they repent, too
late,
And finish in an alcoholic haze.
But I believe
That you were different. Can one say
why?
Do we receive
More pay, more praise? Not I.
The weather seemed, as in the past,
Unseasonable, first to last.
Whatever the statistics say
I don't recall a summer's day.

Finance was frightful. All the time
The things I craved became a crime.
Day after day would tradesmen hiss
"That is the last you'll get of this."
Day after day Departments spat:
"This is the last you'll get of that."
Then, as before,
The Conduct of the War
Was never quite what one could
wish.
Our ships and troops
Were led by nincompoops,
Our statesmen were the poorest fish
(Or so my friend, a business man,
maintains:
And who am I to bandy words with
Brains?),
And so one took
Good care to look
Like grave men in the know,
Till people said
That one would spread
Alarm and woe.
So then one smiled

And sang a song:
And men were wild,
For that was wrong.
Well, then we steered with care
Twixt dull Complacency and dread
Despair;
We held to middle views
Shunned all the papers and would
hear no News:
Until we heaved the lead
And found the shoals of Apathy instead.
Then suddenly the waters rose
And bore along the craft:
The merry crew defied their foes,
Forward, as well as aft.
Hitler was biffed upon the nose,
And even "Leftists" laughed.
I think, fair '42, if you do gain
High marks in history, I know the
cause:
The year old England was herself
again,
The year the lion stretched and
showed his claws. A. P. H.



WAES HAEL!



"It's absurd for the men to be complaining about their billet! I don't suppose one of them has such a large bedroom at home."

At the Play

"THE PETRIFIED FOREST" (GLOBE)
"ARSENIC AND OLD LACE" (STRAND)

PERSISTENT Playgoer: But why *Petrified Forest*? I can't imagine I shall like a play with so frigid a title.

Jaded Critic: I can imagine you will like it exceedingly. You don't have to worry about the title. It is symbolical, you know.

P.P.: Symbolical of what?

J.C.: Please don't fuss! There actually is a petrified forest—a grove of fossils or something of the sort—just off the stage. The stage shows throughout the inside of a café attached to a petrol-station in the eastern Arizona desert. The hero, when he is about to be shot dead at his own request by a gangster called *Duke Mantee*, asks to be buried in the palaeontological cemetery adjoining.

P.P.: I'm sorry, but I still don't see where the symbolism comes in.

J.C.: Neither do I, quite. But this hero, *Alan*, is a dead failure as an artist

and regards himself as so much dead wood, so to speak. See?

P.P.: No!

J.C.: Well, then, it can't be helped. Let me tell you a shade more of the plot since I don't seem to have whetted your appetite very noticeably. Don't you want to know why *Alan* begs *Duke* to "bump him off," as they used to say?

P.P.: Yes, I suppose so.

J.C.: He does it so that he can leave all his worldly goods—a life assurance policy for £1,000—to the café waitress who can therewith go to Paris and study to be a great painter.

P.P.: But how long has he known the waitress?

J.C.: About half-an-hour.

P.P.: How extraordinary!

J.C.: I thought so too at the time, but very few of my colleagues seem to agree with me. *Alan* just walks into the café after a long tramp through the desert, has a meal, discovers that the waitress is reading poetry (*Villon* in English, if you please), tells her that she is very beautiful, and coaxes her to show him some of her paintings, of which she is rather proud.

P.P.: And then?

J.C.: Then he tells her that her work reminds him of the best of the Post-Impressionists and that if she does not go to Paris, where her mother hailed from originally, it is quite possible that a great artist—a Marie Laurencin at the very least—will be lost to the world.

P.P.: But is there really and truly mention of Paris and all that, or are you exaggerating?

J.C.: Not a bit. You see, this play is ten or a dozen years old. That fact also explains the gangster element which was then immensely topical. The gangsters are a well-differentiated group, but are all alike in being capable of both bloodthirstiness and the starker sentimentalities. The *Duke* does shoot *Alan* in the end, and *Gabby*, the waitress, does, so far as we can learn, go to Paris and outshine *Dufy* and *Vlaminck*, with the memory of a poetical dead hobo for ever in her heart.

P.P.: But I've never heard such a preposterous story in all my born days.

J.C.: Don't be dissuaded by me.

And, after all, it is, I suppose, only fair to tell you that OWEN NARES plays *Alan* with great charm and the most telling use of that voice of his which affects my ear exactly as apple charlotte affects my palate.

P.P. : But why didn't you mention him in the first place?

J.C. : Only fair to tell you also that CONSTANCE CUMMINGS is both pretty and skilful as *Gabby*—

P.P. : Goody-goody—

J.C. : And that when it comes to playing the type of gangster who can massacre a hospital-ward and then walk through fire and water to rescue his mother's photograph, there is nobody on the stage more convincing than HARTLEY POWER.

P.P. : You are an ass. I might easily have missed the thing altogether if you hadn't told me that three of my favourite players were in it. Why did you delay mentioning them?

J.C. : Because I think a play is more important than its playing. ROBERT E. SHERWOOD, who wrote this one, interests me very much dramaturgically, even when, as here, his exposition suffers from a tendency to—Hello, where are you off to?

P.P. : The Globe Theatre. See you soon!

The dramatic critic in person, whether jaded or still young enough to be unjaded, is a rare bird on the actual stage. Very few plays before or after *Fanny's First* have tried to present him. But that refreshing actor, Mr. NAUNTON WAYNE, gives us a quite likely, quite young, and quite jaded specimen in the uproarious new farcical thriller, Mr. JOSEPH KESSELRING's *Arsenic and Old Lace*, which is said to be enjoying its second year on Broadway and has now arrived at the Strand. *Young Mortimer* is setting out for the theatre one evening to see and judge yet another mere play about murder when he accidentally discovers the corpse of an obviously respectable old gentleman beneath the window-seat in the house occupied by his aunts *Abby* and *Martha*. They are eccentric old dears, but young *Mortimer* had never imagined them capable of anything worse than being over-kind to over-many cats and dogs. They are capable of much worse. They have at least eleven more dead gentlemen in the cellar, and what can the dear boy be making such an extraordinary fuss about, since all the departed have been given decent Christian burial? It is an evening packed with the best sort of theatrical surprises. Miss BRAITHWAITE and Miss MARY JERROLD take to mass-murder like kittens to cream, and there

are irresistible studies of two other lunatics in the same family by Mr. FRANK PETTINGELL and Mr. EDMUND WILLARD. Mr. WAYNE's whoop of joy when he discovers in the end that he is not after all consanguineous was perhaps the most joyous of all the noises in an evening of gasps and yells.

A.D.

• • •

Misplaced Sympathy

MY dear, you don't mean to tell me they're moving house! Now—in the middle of a European war? . . . No, of course I don't know for certain that it's the middle—personally I should hope it's at least three-quarters of the way through. In fact my Uncle Richard says it'll be over before Christmas. Still, he said that in 1940, and again in 1941. But I do feel so sorry for your poor friends; I know exactly what a move is like nowadays.

"Well, in the first place there isn't anybody to move you. Not a soul. Either they haven't any men, or they haven't any petrol, or they're booked up until July 1947. Then, when you've got over that . . .

"No, dear, it's no use asking me how you get over it. I just simply don't know. Make an appeal to their better nature, or perhaps bribery—I really don't know. Anyhow, suppose you get as far as having the furniture taken from Land's End to Highgate, what happens then? . . .

"Naturally you have to pay for it. That's neither here nor there. . . . Oh, very well, if you insist, it's first there and then here. And your friends will be very lucky indeed, if it really is there.

"Of course, they'll split up. I mean, some of them will have to stay at Land's End to the very last minute. I believe the men are usually very kind about leaving a bed or two. They take everything else, but they just leave a bed or two till the very last minute. For people to sleep on, you know. . . .

"Please don't try to be clever, dear. I know as well as you do that they wouldn't be expected to sit up all night, in fact you don't seem to realize that nothing is left for them to sit on. Simply the beds—and those are snatched away at dawn next morning.

"Meanwhile, of course, half of them have had to go on to the new place at Highgate to get things more or less ready and settle in the cats.

"It's no use asking me what they do about beds, dear, because I simply don't know. The cats have baskets, I imagine.

"But of course the real problem is the black-out. I can see it all clearly. . . .

"Dear, honestly, isn't that rather cheap, as a joke? That is to say, if you really meant it to be a joke. I suppose that, quite literally speaking, one doesn't see the black-out clearly—although I believe carrots make a difference, but unfortunately I don't care for carrots.

"What happens, of course, is that the last van-load arrives, beds and all that, and everybody makes a frantic effort to get everything crammed in, and all that ever turns up out of the boxes are flower-vases and evening shoes, and then everyone says 'Let's wash and have something to eat,' only they can't find any soap or towels or anything to eat except a tin of baked beans and no tin-opener. So what do they do then? . . .

"Exactly, dear, your friends went straight out to the Monteagle Private Hotel up the hill, and by the time they'd finished it was quite dark and they said they wouldn't do much more to-night but just go to bed. And they go into the house as gay as larks and what do they find? . . .

"No, not the cats. I hope, of course, that they do find the cats, but that isn't what I was thinking about. They find that they'd forgotten all about the black-out.

"There they are: dead with fatigue, not knowing where anything is, trying to pin up a couple of curtains that don't fit anywhere, and knowing that the police are going to come in at any minute—to say nothing of bombs falling straight on them in the event of an air-raid. And they can't even get hold of the black bits and pieces that they brought from Land's End, because nobody has the slightest idea which box they're in. I've gone through it all, my dear—I know exactly what it means. I simply can't bear to think of your unhappy friends.

"If only you'd told me some time ago that they were moving I'd have asked you to warn them, because of course in London offences against the black-out regulations are treated like murder. I can't tell you how sorry I feel for them. Really, this black-out—it's driving everybody nearly mad.

"Why haven't your friends been driven nearly mad? It's no use telling me that they could get a complete black-out put up all in five minutes. . . .

"Well, dear, how could I know that? Of course, if the house at Highgate has old-fashioned Victorian shutters at every window, everything is quite different. No wonder your friends bought it at once!"

E.M.D.



"Shortly after leaving school you'll find yourself at variance with the Commissioners of Inland Revenue."

Our Booking-Office (By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Evelyn Waugh

THE outbreak of war compelled Mr. EVELYN WAUGH to lay aside a novel he was writing, and he has now published it in its uncompleted form under the title of *Work Suspended* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 8/6). As a general rule the title of a book should refer to its theme, not to the difficulties or otherwise of its composition. DICKENS, who took two years over *David Copperfield*, did not call it *A Long Job*; JOHNSON, who wrote *Rasselas* in a week, did not call it *Quick Work*. But Mr. WAUGH may be excused the personal nostalgia in his title, since he believes, as he explains in a dedicatory letter, that even if he were to have again the leisure and will to resume and complete his novel, "the work would be vain, for the world in which and for which it was designed has ceased to exist."

Fortunately, in spite of its fragmentary state, *Work Suspended* consists of two episodes which are complete in themselves and at least as good as anything in Mr. WAUGH'S previous work. The narrator and central character, *John Plant*, is a youngish man who is sophisticated according to the fashion of the nineteen-thirties. He makes a comfortable living out of thrillers, which, however, he writes with the scrupulousness of an artist, avoiding unnecessary bloodshed. "I had always been a one-corpse man and, as far as possible, a clean corpse man." But every now and then, when the sequence of emotions he had planned for his readers required a moment of revulsion and terror, he would kill an animal in atrocious circumstances. *John Plant's* father is a Victorian painter, and the first episode centres round the elder *Plant*, who is killed in a motor accident while *John* is living in Morocco. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that *John* bears his father's death with perfect composure,

but the complex eccentricity of the older man had always pleased him, and when he hears of the accident he allows himself a retrospective survey of his father's life and career. The second episode shows *John Plant* in love. Returning to England after his father's death, to realize his inheritance, he visits the friends who had formed his set. "We had grown rather to dislike one another," he says; "certainly when any two or three of us were alone, we blackguarded the rest." He falls in love with a friend's wife, but she is expecting a baby and with the birth of the child his feeling for her fizzles out. A drinking-bout with *Atwater*, the man who had run over his father, is the most enriching experience in this second episode. It is brilliantly told, and as *Atwater* is an eternal type, and *John Plant* a resilient one, there seems no reason why we should not meet them again when the war is over.

H. K.

Survey of Spain

The twentieth century, everywhere, saw only two effective courses offered to Liberals: to humanize Christianity or to civilize some form of totalitarianism. Reading DON SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA'S *Spain* (CAFE, 25/-) with the unfair advantage of an outsider's retrospective eye, one would have thought it was the intellectual's most promising policy—though admittedly a very long-term policy—to try his hand at permeating the Church and the Army, the only two Spanish institutions running across the immemorial fissures of Spanish social and political life. The Spanish Liberals, however, chose otherwise. They thought they could graft their old-fashioned Republicanism—an Anglo-French hybrid of Parliamentarians and Encyclopedists—on to the medley of socialists, syndicalists, communists and anarchists which made up Spain's Left. How they tried and how they failed is the culminating theme of a brilliant and monumental book, which resumes the annals of the Peninsula and brings the story up to the challenges and chances of to-day. Not only are Spain's troubles—and their outside aiders and abettors—delineated with the sort of honest partiality that needs only occasional discounting, but consideration of our own *politik*, good, bad and indifferent, throws light on the present and should serve to set a fairer course for the future.

H. P. E.

English Countrymen

THE *English Countryman* (BATESFORD, 16/-) is enough to make a townsman weep. Countrymen are doubtless of sterner stuff, and philosophical about changes. It is essentially as a townsman, if only in origin, that MR. H. J. MASSINGHAM writes. He has the knowledgeable passion for the past that sometimes occurs in those who come late and bitterly regret what they have missed. From every village in England, it seems, he has brought home some observation or an addition to his museum of country curiosities. In this book he examines country types—the peasant, the squire, the parson, and so on—and states, quite fiercely, the virtues of an economy that no longer exists. To another townsman his case for the peasant and the yeoman, who owned at least part of the land they farmed, is singularly persuasive; and on this the whole book is built. His most interesting remarks besides have to do with leisure. Once leisure was not divorced from work, nor the countryman left, after working hours, with a dreadful blank almost impossible to fill without recourse to the cinema and the town. All kinds of festivals and ceremonies connected with his work filled his evenings and his holidays: the country was not dull. Curiously enough, or rather with justice, it is in the suburban private

gardener that Mr. MASSINGHAM sees the possible renascence of a new and healthy "countrymindedness" from which all good things should proceed.

J. S.

A Waif from Doomington

It was enterprising in Mr. LOUIS GOLDING to steer clear of Doomington early in the course of his new novel; but his enterprise is ill-rewarded, for, apart from its North-country implications, *Who's There Within?* (HUTCHINSON, 10/6) is a squalid and unconvincing book. That the unnecessary squalor of the rich is far uglier than the necessary squalor of the poor is abundantly evident from the swift transition of *Sophie Briggs*, a suicide's derelict orphan. Having made a little cash out of home-made cosmetics to aid the hard-faring Lancashire family of her adoption, *Sophie* turns to clothing the idle rich of Doomington and London; weds an American millionaire; gets rid of him in New York by methods reminiscent of HENRY II's efficacious dismissal of BECKETT; picks up another man; and ends as a welcome addition to a somewhat besmirched English county family. Her ancestry, as revealed on the last few pages, wholly fails to account for the oriental blend of energy, shrewdness, callousness and generosity which sees *Sophie* through her unappetising adventures. Her relations with her foster-sisters, *Kate* and *Emma*, are sugary but honest—a solid lower-middle-class background to a foreground that is largely phantasmagoria. H. P. E.

Behind the Swing-doors

Poor tippers, undesirables who "look out of place in better sections of the dining-room," and those who "linger for hours over *hors d'œuvres* and a glass of milk" may not care particularly for Mr. LUDWIG BEMELMANS' *Hotel Splendide* (HAMISH HAMILTON, 7/6), because in it he lets them know why they find broken glass in their cold spinach and sauce on their laps. This fantastic, ironic and amusing story of hotel-life in New York is written in the first person by one who begins as a "bus-boy" under *Mespoulets* (worst waiter in the world and strangest character in a crazy assortment of people), gains promotion by a fluke, recognition by his caricatures of guests, and fortunes from the babblings of drunken financiers. He writes of a coloured "casserolier" who tells jungle stories, of hired magicians, millionaires and platinum blondes, and does light-hearted sketches of them as well. The tale of the homesick "bus-boy" is a gem of its kind, and its kind is unique. The author's sense of fun and pathos prevents the book from being the footling extravaganza it might so easily have become; but why do the publishers say "It is almost impossible not to burst into loud and uncontrollable laughter at frequent intervals while reading it"?—the essence of the book is its irony, and that is not a quality that produces guffaws. B. E. B.

Third Degree

It is perhaps because, in *Thrice Judas* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 9/-), he has a foot planted equally in both camps that Mr. FRANCIS GRIERSON makes someone suggest that the difference between the detective novel and the thriller exists chiefly in the minds of the strange creatures who review them. I like this story of a sturdy captain of commerce scared out of his wits by an unknown avenger who telephones depressing forecasts of dissolution and builds up in the great man a childish terror of the number three. Mr. GRIERSON provides a couple of neat incidental murders, a Superintendent who quickly won my heart by a capacity for being baffled as well-developed almost as my own, and a variety of crisply-drawn characters. The

main theme of the millionaire's state of mind is soundly handled. But what many will most enjoy, nostalgically, is the visit to Paris. We lunch again at the beloved Rôtisserie in the Place Miche', we make faces over Pernod in the Café de la Paix, we absorb viskysoda to the frilly glamour of the Bal Tabarin. And when in fact shall we do all this again?

E. O. D. K.

Resident Aliens

Destination Unknown is the title of yet another novel concerned with the many ramifications of a Jewish family, some of whom have been settled in England long enough to acquire a recognized status, while others have just recently escaped from Nazi rule in Poland or Austria. The author is EUNICE BUCKLEY, who wrote *Family From Vienna*, and the book is published by ANDREW DAKERS at 8/6. It is not easy reading: as with many of these novels of Jewish life there are a prodigious number of names, most of which have their pet diminutives as well, and by the time we have sorted out the various members of the family we are at the end of the story. Indeed there is no story worth mentioning: the book is just a slice out of life in London and a Sussex village from August 1939 up to the big air-raids of 1941. The head of the Jewish clan to whom we are introduced is one *Franz Ferdinand Ebermann*, partner in the big music-publishing house of Fawcett and Ebermann, and it seems to be his duty to provide for all his connections, even the most distant, who come flocking over to England when the trouble begins. "Ferd;"—as he is generally called—shoulders the burden manfully, even to the extent of giving house-room to a most unpleasant pair, distant relatives of his dead wife. We have a rather charming love-passage between his daughter *Ruth* and a Czech refugee who has obtained work on a Sussex farm, and another between *Camilla*, who is a cousin of sorts, and a journalist who has escaped from a concentration camp. But we are not told what eventually happens—except indeed that *Ferd's* house and also his publishing establishment are both destroyed in air-raids. So the reader must expect to be left in a somewhat confused state—for which no doubt the title has prepared him. L. W.



"Darling, where did I bide my matches from you?"



"Now where did we leave the Afrika Corps last time?"

Losing Things

ONE of the most infallible symptoms of human nature, psychologists tells us, is a tendency to lose things; that is, to put a thing down in a certain place and find it again in the same place after we have looked in all the other places. Psychologists even admit that they can do nothing about it, which is pretty handsome of them. Statisticians, working on the same subject, have estimated that if no one wasted any time looking for anything everyone would waste much less time than anyone does; but, also, that no one would ever find anything, so it is all probably just as well; which is pretty handsome of them too.

What, of all the things we lose, do we lose most often? I know my readers are expecting me to say umbrellas, and for a moment I very nearly did; because facts (as psychologists would be the last to tell us) are facts, and you cannot get away from the fact that people *do* lose umbrellas like mad. If, however, we delve deeper into mankind's attitude to the umbrella we shall find that mankind does not so much lose its umbrella as allow its umbrella to be lost, or, in other words, taken to the lost property office of the train, bus or shop where it left it. There is always a stage when people who have left their umbrella in a bus, train or shop know perfectly well that they can get it back; and always a further stage when they realize that the lost property office will be in a different place from the last time they went to the trouble of asking where it was (this being

a rule about lost property offices, even in shops), and an even further stage, about five minutes later, when people realize that they run the risk of not being believed when they do identify their umbrella; and, finally, that it is probably not worth the journey to wherever they will be told the lost property office is now, which will be as far as possible from where the people themselves are now, and that, as it is probably not worth it, it is definitely not worth it. Having gone through all these stages of thought, people are usually quite satisfied with just losing their umbrellas.

Now for the things we really lose—by dropping, handing to someone else or, as I have said, by just putting down. We have all in our time dropped pins, needles, very small screws and indeed almost anything which will harmonize with the pattern of an average carpet, though we may have not realized that it is not so much the pins and screws which harmonize with the carpet as the carpet which harmonizes with the screws. I think we do realize it just about that moment when we are crouching with our ear to the floor in the hope that the light may shine suddenly on the needle, pin or screw in the way the other people looking are bound to tell us it will, but I think too that we forget it a moment later, because nature has always taken care that we shall forget the most depressing part of anything we may not be too keen on doing next time, and nature realized right at the beginning that the pattern of an average carpet, like suffering, is inevitable. I need hardly

add that by not looking for a pin or needle or anything small which the light may shine suddenly on we are more likely to find it than by looking for it; but humanity lives by a queer faith that if it does its quota of looking for things it does not find, it will deserve them when it finds them by not looking; or, to put it another way, by a queer hope that it will find them later by having looked earlier.

Now for pencils, fountain-pens, knitting-needles and all those other things which can go down the side of a sofa or arm-chair. A good proportion of them do go down sofas and arm-chairs, but not quite a good enough proportion for people to think it worth their while to look for them there, and so we are constantly coming up against instances of people who lost a fountain-pen three months ago and can never get over a horrid suspicion that one of their friends has stolen it. Science tells us that it is this horrid suspicion which makes fountain-pen owners so loath to lend their fountain-pens out for even a minute, and fountain-pen non-owners so eager to borrow them. It is perfectly obvious, of course, that there are as many ways of losing fountain-pens as of losing anything else, but fountain-pen owners, who are cagey by nature, will never admit this. Owners of lost knitting-needles, on the other hand, are in a different class. Fate has laid down a rule that at least one of each pair of knitting-needles shall be taken from each knitter before that knitter has finished each piece of knitting, and

has induced in knitters a kind of dumb submission to the inevitable; besides a temporary unselfishness (brought on, science tells us, by the mere act of knitting) which would make it impossible for any knitter to suspect anyone of taking a knitter's knitting-needle. This is why it is rare to see a knitter who has lost a knitting-needle do more than give one distracted look round and then go upstairs for another knitting-needle the same size.

What else do we lose? My readers will be waiting this time for me to say match-boxes, and to add that we do not so much lose them as have them taken from us by such of our friends as are absentmindedly clever enough to smoke pipes, or smoke pipes enough to look absent-mindedly clever; and for once my readers will be right, because that is just what I was going to say. We lose unanswered letters because our subconscious bludgeons us into putting them where we cannot find them. We lose quite extraordinary things sometimes; people can lose their friends by being too keen on keeping their place in a queue, or they can lose their places in a queue by being too keen on keeping their friends. To end up with, because it is so interesting, I must say that no one has ever lost a garden-roller; and that science has found that this is because no one's subconscious has ever bludgeoned anyone into putting a garden-roller anywhere much, let alone somewhere where we cannot find it.



"I couldn't bring it no earlier 'cos I 'ad to 'elp muvver, and Sidney wouldn't bring it by 'issell 'cos 'e don't like yer."

Prelude and Performance

X—The Visiting Dog

HILDA is coming over this afternoon, did I tell you?"

"She won't bring the loathsome Pooki with her, will she?"

"I'm terribly afraid she will."

"Oh, Lord!—after that awful episode last time!"

"Yes, I shall never forget Lady Grant's face when she discovered the chewed snail in her knitting."

"The trouble is that Hilda has no idea of training them—except teaching them silly tricks which no one wants to see."

"And smelly!—I don't believe she ever gives the wretched dog a bath."

"Can't you make her tie him up outside?"

"I think I will. At least we'd have our tea in peace."

* * * * *

"Hullo, my dear, how are you? And Pooki, too . . . good boy, good boy . . . he's sweeter than ever, Hilda."

"I hope you don't mind him coming too?"

"Of course not. He has a standing invitation. He knows that, don't you, Pooki? . . . good boy, good old boy."

"I'm afraid he's just a wee bit smelly."

"Oh, but that's only doggy smell, we don't mind that . . . come in, both of you."

"I think Pooki has got something in his mouth. Come here, Pooks . . . bring it to mother . . . can you catch

him, Ann? . . . Oh, naughty boy, mustn't go on sofas wif muddy paws."

"It'll soon wash off. I expect he knows how handsome he looks against the pale blue."

"Drop it, Pooki . . . dead now, darling. Whatever has he got, Ann?"

"My dear, it's a sausage! Isn't he too clever for words!"

"He knows a new trick now—would you like to see it?"

"Adore to. But wait till Eric comes in for tea. He'd so hate to miss it."

XI—Amateur Theatricals

"Have we really got to go to this awful show to-night, Joan?"

"I'm afraid we have. I was hoping that my cold would get worse, but unfortunately it's better to-day."

"What will it be—the usual sort of tripe?"

"Yes, the same old thing. Major Crosby trying to be funny and Helen Crawley singing the waltz from *Bitter Sweet* encored by 'Vilia.'

"One of these days that girl will have to learn a new number."

"Then there's a sketch in which Kathleen—Kathleen, if you please—is playing a vamp."

"That, of course, will be downright embarrassing."

"I gather none of them know their parts."

"As they are always inaudible beyond the second row that won't matter much."

"But unluckily we shall be in the front row."

"Oh, Lord!—then I can't go to sleep."

"I'd give five pounds not to go."

"Five!—that would be a bargain."

* * * * *

"Helen, my dear! It was all quite lovely. You did sing beautifully."

"Do you think so? I'm afraid they've heard all my songs before, but I never seem to have time to learn a new one."

"Oh, but the old ones suit you so well. We're never tired of hearing them. . . . Oh, there's Major Crosby—I must congratulate him. . . . Oh, Major Crosby, you were funny!"

"Well done, Crosby, jolly good."

"Was it all right?"

"But didn't you see us doubled up with laughter in the front row? I'm still aching with it!"

"What did you think of the sketch?—went well, didn't it?"

"It was marvellous. . . . I'm dying to see Kathleen to—Oh, there she is! Kathleen, you were simply wonderful, professional standard, my dear."

"Yes, jolly fine, Kathleen. Carmen Miranda wasn't in it!"

"Did you really enjoy it? I'm afraid we missed a lot of cues."

"Did you? We never noticed. We thought the whole show was first class."

"It was sweet of you both to come."

"My dear, we wouldn't have missed it for worlds."

M. D.

Here ends Mr. Punch's Two

Hundred and Third Volume



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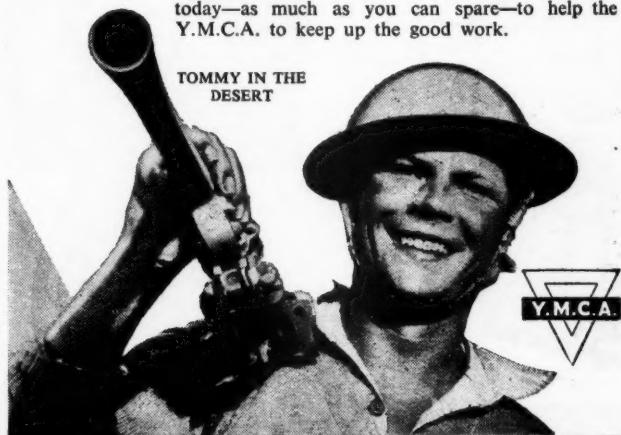
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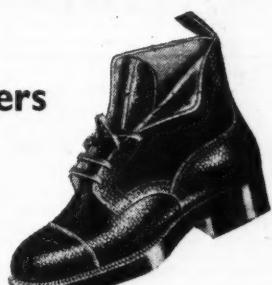
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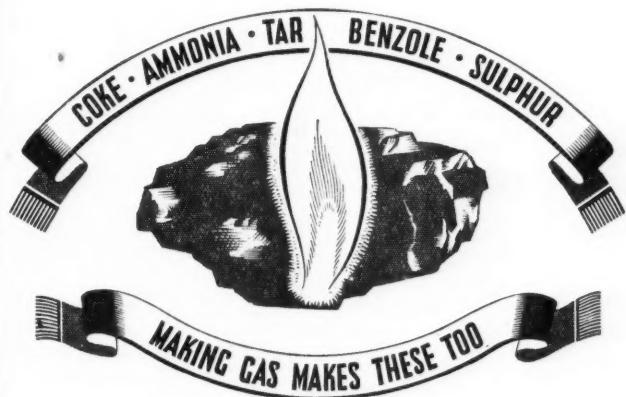
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